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The American McAll Record

Devoted to the Interests of the McAll Mission in France



THE REV. R. SALLENS

The Celebrated Pastor and Evangelist. Member of the Paris Committee of Direction. Organizer of the McAll work at Marseilles in 1878.

He was present at the organization of the
American McAll Association in 1883.

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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The AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

of the

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

Will be held in the Parish House of the Church of the Holy Trinity,
Philadelphia, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 6 and 7, 1908

The chairman of the Hospitality Committee is Mrs. H. L. Wayland, 511 South Forty-second Street, to whom all delegates desiring entertainment should write as promptly as possible.

A special service for young women is arranged for Thursday forenoon. On Wednesday evening, the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, S. T. D., will preside, and addresses will be made by the Rt. Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, D.D. and the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. Among other features of the meetings will be a Historical Sketch of The American McAll Association, by Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, an address by Prof. Jean C. Bracq of Vassar College, a former Representative Secretary, and tidings from the field by members of our Board and of auxiliaries who visited the Mission last summer.

If the officer in charge of RECORD subscriptions in every Auxiliary has not already renewed the list of subscribers for 1908, her prompt attention to the matter will relieve the Bureau of much unnecessary correspondence.

We would remind our friends who are about to go abroad of the arrangement made last year whereby visitors to Paris will find some one at the Bureau of the Mission, 36 Rue Godot-de-Mauroi, every day from 10 to 12 a. m.—either Mr. Greig, Dr. Benham, M. Rouilly, or M. de Grenier-Latour. Furthermore, M. Henri Merle d'Aubigné makes all friends of the Mission welcome to take a cup of tea at his house, 46 Boule-

vard des Invalides, on Saturdays, between 4 and 6 p. m. If visitors to Paris will meet at M. Merle d'Aubigné's house at 4 p. m. on Wednesdays, he will gladly escort them to his children's Bible class, which is held in the Rue Nationale, No. 157, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of that day. The return will be in time for dinner. M. Merle d'Aubigné will be glad to call upon English-speaking visitors interested in the Mission, to escort them to the new "Maison Verte," Montmartre, or to some other hall. M. Merle d'Aubigné writes that he is generally at home from 11 to 12 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and he hopes that friends in America will come to feel more and more that they have friends in Paris.

Let not the following action of the Association, at its Annual Meeting last year, be forgotten by any of our Auxiliaries:

That all the Auxiliary societies, and all their members, are asked to make special effort, during the coming year, toward educating the public as to the needs of France and the work of this Mission. And that particular attention be given to the young people of the Sunday Schools, that they may be interested in these subjects, and in their duty toward the Mission.

The "campaign of education" which Mr. Berry is carrying on ought to be supplemented by every member.

Dr. Hastings Burroughs writes very hopefully of a spirit of revival among the Christians of St. Etienne. It is a matter not only for thanksgiving, but for hope, that just at this time, when atheism and anti-religion seem to be having it all their own way in France, this revival spirit is making itself felt among religiously disposed people, not at St. Etienne only, but in many large parts of France.

The Protestants of France everywhere appear to be working up to their responsibilities. They are heavily burdened, however, with their own work, and they look earnestly to the McAll Mission to enter fields which they are unable to enter. The feeling of Protestants toward the Mission is everywhere one of friendliness and confidence. The moment is for us one of special opportunity, and we who help to support this Mission ought to make an earnest effort to increase its ability to meet the special demand.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL LETTER

DEAR FRIENDS:

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the founding of our American McAll Association will be held May sixth and seventh next, and the Philadelphia Auxiliary has invited the rest of the family to celebrate the Silver Anniversary at the old home.

In order that we may fittingly observe the occasion, the Board of Directors would bring some facts to your attention, and emphasize such conditions in our past and present as shall insure a wider interest upon a broader platform than has characterized our work hitherto.

Let us recall the fact that our Association was organized twenty-five years ago this coming March, after a few individual societies had been formed following the earnest work of Miss Beach.

Since that time there have been fluctuations in our financial temperature. The figures have gone up and down. Going back to the celebration of the 25th Anniversary of the founding of the Mission by Dr. McAll, we find the average yearly contribution, aside from the special gift of \$30,000, has been a little over \$29,000; of this, the auxiliaries furnished, through the regular channels, over \$26,000 yearly. In the same ten years, eleven members of our family have died of inanition, while ten new ones have been ushered into life, and are showing good reasons for their existence.

We should keep in mind the fact that this is a strategic time in France. The disestablishment of the churches has opened up new channels for our work. Parishes are left without any spiritual guidance, and our evangelists can take the field without opposition; at the same time we must be ready with up-to-date methods; we must attract by clubs and reading-rooms for the young men and women, such as are necessary in our own successful missions, and thus win these young people to the gospel truth and life. And just along these lines we can find a legitimate field for the enthusiasm of our younger members. We veterans must not stand in the way of progress. Give your young people some responsibility and see how beau-

tifully they can sustain it. Read to and with them the paper given at our last home gathering on "Young Life and Spirit in McAll," and very likely they will suggest methods by which our borders may be widened, resulting in the "ask and ye shall receive."

It was in 1897 that we celebrated the Silver Anniversary of the founding of the Mission, and sent to Paris a silver offering of over \$2500. A fact to be noticed in that year's report is that this was additional to our usual amount, so it did *not* mean the diminishing of our regular work in favor of the special. We ought to set ourselves to solving the same problem this year. Your President has a large ambition for this Silver Anniversary, nothing smaller than securing the \$200,000 needed to build the central hall in Paris.

You have read of this scheme in the RECORD. You know that \$25,000 has been promised by Miss Gould, under certain conditions. Toward that we want nothing less than \$1000 subscriptions. Let that be kept distinctly in mind. Ask for large sums. Anything smaller should go into aggressive work and may accumulate into a goodly \$2500—which seems a fit sum to represent a Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

Last year we had 6845 subscribers in our auxiliaries. Now, if each subscriber would give fifty cents more this year, it would add \$3426 to our fund. Is not that something worth working for; and a very possible something, too? It might mean giving up some small luxury or cutting into one day's necessities, but what of that when we consider the sum total to be obtained in this way?

These are some of the problems that confront us, and we ask you to help in their solution. If each auxiliary will assume its share of responsibility, and devise its own ways and means for widening interest and so securing its additional fifty cents a member, then come to our annual gathering and tell us how they did it, it will not only be good for them, but may suggest methods which can be successfully carried on into the next quarter century of our Association's history, with ever widening circles, until the whole of France shall have been reached, for we must remember that we have a most devoted body of workers in France, whose field is only limited

by lack of means. If we can send them more money they can do a larger work, for they have the spirit of consecration.

Yours most cordially,

ELLEN B. PARKHURST,

President.

MATERIALS FOR HISTORY

At the Annual Convention held in Boston last year the following resolution, presented by a committee of which Miss Dawes of Massachusetts was chairman, was unanimously adopted:

That the Association looks forward with eagerness to celebrating its Silver Anniversary next year, and exhorts its Auxiliary societies to new vigor and zeal, that it may come up to its quarter centennial with a large increase in members and moneys. And it especially hopes that at least fifteen more Auxiliaries will celebrate this occasion with an offering of a thousand dollars each. And that we may still hold to the past, as we go on to the future; *it is further directed that each society gather its traditions into written history, to be presented at that anniversary meeting for preservation.*

At its February meeting of this year the Board took action in accordance with which this resolution is here reprinted. It will be observed that its last clause is mandatory: "it is further *directed* that each society gather its traditions into written history, to be presented at that anniversary meeting (of the present year) for preservation."

It is evident that by the action of their delegates all the Auxiliaries laid themselves under obligation to present, at the next Annual Meeting, a historic sketch of their founding and activities. Not that all these are to be read at that time, though extracts from them may be; the important thing is that they be prepared and kept on file in the Bureau of the Association as an important part of the history of the McAll Mission movement in this country.

Let the Auxiliaries not forget that this duty is one which was voluntarily assumed by them last year; and let each one have a sketch of its history in readiness for presentation at our Silver Anniversary. Many of these sketches will no doubt be full of interest, all of them will enshrine memories which are precious and which, but for this action, would soon be forever lost.

THE EXTENSION FROM DESVRES

The story so modestly told by M. Malan at the close of his interesting communication, to be found on another page, is of deeper significance than will appear to the casual reader. Not, indeed, because this new director of our work in Desvres is reaching out to a neighboring village, making his post a centre for extending the influences of the Gospel into the regions beyond. Many of our mission posts, notably St. Etienne, Grasse and Limoges, are such centres. The significance of this attempt to evangelize Lumbres is the witness it gives to the self-propagating power of the work we are carrying on in France; self-propagating because the spirit of propaganda is in the French blood. Once let a Frenchman be fired with an idea and he carries the flame wherever he goes, kindling the torch of every one he meets. It is this characteristic of the French people which makes missionary work in France so much more important than in any other country.

Let us consider for a moment the history of this modest little movement; the extension of the Desvres work to Lumbres, at the cost—if it be permitted to go on—of one hundred dollars a year. Twenty years ago the McAll Mission had already been well established in Boulogne-sur-mer. Already three halls were in active operation, in the centre and two suburbs; but the zealous missionary—himself a convert of our Mission—reaching out for new avenues of usefulness, found one in Marquise, a fishing village some nine miles distant. The romantic story of Marquise has long since been told in these pages; suffice it here to say that a flourishing little Protestant Church has for years been the result of that “extension” work of our missionary in Boulogne.

In the course of time, work being slack, a man from Marquise set out in search of a job. He found it in Desvres, some twenty miles or more from home. In Desvres at that time, as at Marquise, when the missionary first went there, Protestantism had not been so much as heard of, and intemperance was rampant. This workman was not only a member of the little Protestant Church in Marquise, he was also a member of *La Croix Bleue*, pledged to the propagation of temperance prin-

ciples. He began to expound these principles among his fellow-workmen, some of them unwilling but helpless slaves to the demon of drink. Before long his teachings had produced such an effect as to get beyond his ability to manage. He made the case known in Marquise, asking that some one might be sent to tell the Gospel story to the people of Desvres, as other duties permitted. The pastor came from Marquise, the missionary from Boulogne; soon the need of a permanent work became evident, and our Mission established a station there, which eventually grew into a church, of which M. Malan, the writer of the article alluded to, is the pastor. And now from Desvres the Gospel is going forth to Lumbres.

Thus in some twenty or twenty-five years we come to the fourth generation of McAll Mission work. As we used proudly to say: Marquise was our first "daughter" station; the first one not independently formed by our Paris Board, but the outgrowth of another station. From Marquise grew Desvres, and now from Desvres, Lumbres—a child of the fourth generation.

That is to say, a work will be regularly established in Lumbres provided the needed funds be found. M. Malan is properly averse to putting a new burden upon the budget of the Paris Committee. Among his own people of Desvres he has found one-fifth of the small amount needed for the expenses of the new work. Remain four-fifths to be provided—just eighty dollars. Without diminishing the regular contributions of the various Auxiliaries, is there not some one who will enjoy giving and be thankful that she is able to give those eighty dollars?

M. Freddy Dürleman, the son of our faithful worker of many years at Rochefort, who was chosen to be M. Gounelle's successor in the Roubaix pastorate, was ordained on November 1st. Mr. Gounelle preached the sermon; M. Jean Dürleman, our evangelist, offered the prayer of consecration. The newly ordained pastor, brought up as he has been in the bosom of the McAll Mission, is not likely to neglect the interests of the Mission while holding his pastorate in Roubaix.

A VISIT TO THE STATIONS IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE

EDMUND BLISS

The train to Fives-Lille passed out through the ancient gate of the city which pierces the old fortifications, green and attractive now in their new spring garb. In a few moments I found myself in the busy street, thronged with *ouvriers* and children of Fives-Lille. I entered the long court-yard of *Le Foyer du Peuple* and found a crowd of children and a few grown-ups playing with a ball. A little fellow ran up to me and shook my hand with the cordiality of a small brother, and the politeness of a king. He told me that M. Nick was already some distance up the street, having left the Salle. I soon overtook and accosted him, to his infinite astonishment.

When I had explained my identity and my desires, he said, "Come with me; I am going now to visit a child of the Mission, a girl of twenty-one, who is on her death bed." M. Nick is a tall, intense man, with rather an abrupt, but kindly manner—a manly man—in a word, *à la* Roosevelt, "strenuous." We turned a corner and entered a little one-story stone house. In the living room a small stove, a little table with some articles of sewing scattered about; on the walls, paper-flowers everywhere, like those that children paste in their albums. On the mantel, an oval glass globe, which enclosed not the usual spray of artificial flowers, but a large doll, nicely dressed, whose eyes stared innocently and wonderingly at the American intruder.

In the room of the *malade* everything was neat, but, oh, *so poor!* The girl in her bed greeted me with a smile when Pasteur Nick explained that I was a lover of the McAll work and of things French. The mother, not yet a believer, seemed devoted to her girl. A few neighbors, women, dropped in and each grasped my hand in a simple, natural way, quite as if they had known me always and had expected to find me there. M. Nick sang a *cantique* and asked the sick girl if she had still her faith in things Divine? Faith? Always, always, until the very end, and she knew *that* was near. M. Nick took from his pocket a large, luscious pear and gave it to the girl and her face was radiant. Afterward, when I asked him if I could do anything for her, he said, "No, the *malade*

expressed a desire for a pear and I got her the biggest I could find; it was simply the *fantaisie d'une malade*, Monsieur."

In the midst of these hungry *ouvriers* and anarchists M. Nick seems like a Livingstone in the heart of "Darkest Africa," and the moral conditions here in Fives are dark indeed. M. Nick took me back to the Salle and I visited the many rooms of the Foyer, and met girls, boys, women and men. The two court-yards were thronged with bright-faced people, who were enjoying the spring air. Of course, in some one of the many rooms there is nearly always some religious or temperance work being done, but in the open air the young people are allowed to play on Sunday as on week days.

The conditions here are such that in order to touch and reach the working people, a little latitude is absolutely necessary. Up in a cozy room on the second floor I had a chat with the Flemish pastor, who uses *Le Foyer* from time to time for divine worship with his own people. There are 60,000 Flemings in Lille, Fives-Lille and Roubaix, many of whom do not speak French. Again I am surprised at the extent and possibilities of the McAll work, for without it this great host of Flemish *ouvriers* would never be reached. There is a religious paper published entirely in the Flemish language. A large Sabbath School of 250 members is conducted by a lady.

The main auditorium is large, seating 600, and I noticed that *temperance* was emphasized everywhere. Hanging from the railing of the galleries are mottoes, or rather words, such as "Temperance," "Purity," Justice," etc. After an inspection, M. Nick took me to his neat little home, not far away, where I met his wife and family. They invited me to dine with them Monday night and go to a "*conférence*" afterward at *Le Foyer*.

After our tea, we attended a temperance gathering of *La Croix Bleue* Society. What a fine, healthy-looking body of men and women! If one does not believe in abstinence, let him look into the faces of these sturdy people—bright-faced, clear-eyed, clear-skinned—and compare them with those of students, workmen and business people in the streets and cafés—pale, red-eyed, splotchy; in a word, *degenerate*. These temperance people gave their experiences, which were most interesting, and after the meeting M. Nick introduced me as

an American with Huguenot blood in his veins, who was interested in temperance. The men crowded about me and I inflicted a few remarks upon them in French. The greatest proof of the *reality* of the Christ life in the world is the fraternity of feeling and spirit which it calls forth everywhere, whether it expresses itself in French, Flemish or English.

M. Nick walked with me a long distance, in spite of his strenuous day's work, and put me on the car for Roubaix, where I visited *La Solidarité*, the McAll work there. M. Loches gave an interesting lecture on the Bible on Sunday night, and this was followed by stereopticon views of Bible manuscripts and places of interest in Egypt and Palestine. The hall of *La Solidarité* is somewhat like that of *Le Foyer du Peuple* with mottoes everywhere—anti-alcoholic. Two large red banners were suspended behind the platform with the words inserted: "*Guerre au Mensonge*," "*Guerre à l'alcool*," "*Guerre au Misère*," "*Coöperation pour La Vie*," "*Paix par la Droit*." I had a card to M. Elie Gounelle, pastor of Roubaix,* who practically started (for the work was nearly dead) the McAll work here. He was most cordial and invited me to *déjeuner* at his home.

On the way back to Lille, I met a big artillery man who was most sociable, and he told me that there are about 5000 soldiers stationed in and about Lille. Everywhere one goes, the "octopus" of the North of France, the *estaminet* (saloon), rears its hideous head, and at its mouth stand the prostitutes, beckoning with their white (?) hands. There is one *estaminet* (or other place where liquor may be bought) to every thirty-four people in Lille and its environs!

Monday night I took dinner with Mme Nick and met Mme Bose Belugou and her son, who is co-pastor with M. Paul Monod at the Protestant Temple of Lille. In the evening, at *Le Foyer du Peuple*, M. Bose delivered a profound and masterful address on the subject, "*Le Christianisme est il encore actuel?*" (Is Christianity Still of Importance?) It was a remarkable oration for depth of thought and keen analysis.

On Wednesday I dined with Pastor Bose and his mother

*As our readers know, M. Gounelle has since been called to a church in Paris.—EDITOR.

and attended the meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association of Lille, in their company. M. Paul Monod, pastor, cousin of Theodore Monod, gave an exhaustive and interesting address on the difficult verses in I Peter 2: 17, 18. M. Monod is a natural actor, a keen reasoner and possesses a voice so musical and refined that it is a delight just to listen to him. The hall was crowded, and after the address there was a general debate. Several men opposed M. Monod's views, which he sustained with great wit and address. M. Bose, his co-pastor, is endeavoring to prepare the way for a McAll Mission station among the *ouvriers* in Lille proper, and the Young Men's Christian Association permits the use of its hall, to which M. Bose invites the working people.

Thursday, Ascension Day, seemed to contain the cream of the many interesting things I had seen and heard. I boarded the train to Roubaix in the morning, and after a delightful ride through a picturesque country of prosperous farms and rich meadows, sprinkled with wild flowers and beautiful trees, exquisite in their new green robes of spring, I came to the little Protestant Temple where the genial and noble-hearted M. Elie Gounelle presides with Pastor Dürreman, Secretary-general of *La Solidarité*, as his co-pastor.* The latter preached an excellent sermon on the theme of the Ascension. After service I found M. Gounelle on the lookout for me, and he took me directly to his homey home, with its attractive little garden, adjoining the church, where I received a hearty welcome from his interesting family. M. Gounelle and I had an interesting conversation on French Bible versions, and I was touched when the kindly pastor insisted on presenting me with a scholarly edition of the Nouveau Testament, translated by Edmund Stapfer, professor in the Protestant Theological Seminary at Paris. The text is the most recent and is considered the purest French, so you can imagine how delighted I was to receive such a gift from such a fine scholar as M. Gounelle. On the fly-leaf he wrote his name and mine and added, in his quick, nervous way: "*Vie la belle libre Amérique!*" (Long live beautiful free America!)

*M. Dürreman is now M. Gounelle's successor in the pastorate at Roubaix.—EDITOR.

Together we attended, in *La Solidarité*, an extraordinary meeting of anarchists, who gathered in an informal way in one of the rooms on the second floor. There were, perhaps, eight ardent anarchists present, a large number of McAll people, and several stylishly dressed ladies, with their husbands, evidently people of some means. M. Gounelle opened the discussion, which was based on the topic, "Is there a *God* and does He *permit human suffering*?" Of course, this included the inquiry, "Whence comes man's suffering?" M. Gounelle defined the Christian's standpoint, and insisted, in one of the most eloquent and philosophical discourses that I have ever heard, on the existence of evil, moral physical and social, and on the existence of an all-wise, absolutely just God. To me the speaker seemed inspired, and such was the overwhelming passion and force of his argument that not a person spoke, not a movement was made, until he sat down after speaking forty minutes.

A plump, pleasant-faced, little anarchist arose to present his point of view; he looked quite harmless, was a fluent speaker and rambled inside and outside and all around the subject. As he was a Fleming, his French was at times difficult for a foreigner to understand. His views, condensed, were briefly these: "God does not permit evil, because I don't believe in God. There is physical and social evil, which comes from *men*. The moral evil as understood by Christians scarcely concerns me, because I do not recognize a higher power outside myself,—death is for us only a phase of life. We believe that each man who has been oppressed has a right to satisfy himself and to indulge his own desires which have been denied him. We insist that *property disappear*; that *money disappear*; that everyone should unselfishly help his brother; should *choose* his own work. All evil comes from the possession of property. Prostitution is a fearful evil, but it is simply a traffic based on the love of money. Abolish *money* and property, and prostitution and social evils will disappear" (!).

The anarchist shouted for nearly an hour, and his remarks were constantly interrupted by M. Gounelle and others. One good point M. Gounelle made was when he interjected that

though prostitution had money as its base, there was such a thing as "*moral* debauch" where money was not the mainspring of action. The anarchist attacked the Bible story of the creation and existence of God, but his remarks were those of a simple unbeliever rather than peculiarly anarchistic.

He and his small band of followers were generally polite, but occasionally fiery and passionate. M. Gounelle was fearless in the extreme, and at the close of the meeting he warmly denounced the anarchists for twisting the word of God, and called on them to keep to the topic and not wander all over the globe.

At one time there were a dozen men on their feet all talking at once, and it was absolutely laughable. The anarchists call everyone *camarade*, and when I spoke to them after the meeting, they greeted me with a simple directness and sincerity that touched me. I said a few words to them of what I believe and of the absolute inutility of bettering ourselves by the *abolition* of property, instead of appealing to a higher power. These men have just enough knowledge to make them obstinate, and just enough ignorance to render them dangerous. Ten years ago, M. Gounelle, at a time of a serious plot to kill the *bourgeois*, sent them word at Roubaix that he was going to visit them in their haunts. This he did, and from eight o'clock in the evening until one the next morning they earnestly compared the respective merits of Christianity and anarchy. He shook their hands at parting, being the first Christian pastor to do even that.

THE BOOTBLACKS OF MARSEILLES

Every year a Christmas tree is given in the Hall of the Quai du Port, Marseilles, for the little bootblacks. Poor gutter-snipes, ragged, without parents, without friends! The students and school boys of the Young Men's Christian Association are interested in them, and the tree is given under their auspices.

In former years they have always brought their blacking implements with them, and applauded by clapping their brushes on their boxes—a deafening racket! This time they

were asked to leave their boxes at the door in exchange for a numbered ticket. The corresponding ticket was tacked upon the box—an ornament which enchanted the boys.

This year, in addition to the usual gifts, a muffler, an orange and a cake, one member of the Association who represents the "Ecla" blacking had the bright idea of advertising his wares by presenting a bottle of his blacking to each little bootblack.

In spite of a driving rain they were all there—some seventy-five or eighty. The confusion of arrival was soon calmed, and they were really very good during the whole evening. There were moving pictures, singing, an address, or rather a story, to all of which they paid the most edifying attention. Finally came the brilliantly illuminated tree—and the bottles of blacking!

LOUIS BIAU.

THE WORK OF "LA CROIX BLEUE" IN THE NORTH

BY MLE J. MERLE D'AUBIGNE

The good ship of *La Croix Bleue* has certainly the favoring wind of the North to urge it along. In the great industrial departments—the Aisne, the Nord, and the Pas de Calais, where are massed together some 540,000 workingmen—it is not so much absinthe as *cau de vie* and beer that is ravaging the people. The drunkard seeks to quench his thirst by swallowing glass after glass, and certain experts boast of being able to absorb as many as eighty glasses of an evening.

One read lately on the walls of Paris: "Not a day off in turn, but the Sunday we want!" And we have heard more than one workingman exclaim, "No more alcohol—not moderation, but total abstinence we want!" But I do not know so far of one café that has been closed. Bars, drink-shops, *estaminets*, all sorts of places abound. It is said that there is one for every seven voters, and that each inhabitant consumes on the average forty quarts of alcohol annually. Alas! the people are not yet reached, but we are making some progress. Abstainers were counted a few years ago by the dozen, and now we can count them by hundreds, and that is a fact worth recording. We do not need now to get reformed drunkards

from Switzerland to speak at our meetings. Lately a meeting was arranged at St. Quentin, when six converted drunkards from Maubeuge gave their testimony to the power of the Gospel.

The good work goes on, not only in the churches and mission halls, but the wine-shops even open their doors to it. A hundred hearers gather each week in a wine-shop in the environs of Maubeuge, and twenty of them have signed the pledge, the landlord and his wife being among the number. They have a lease of the house, which belongs to a brewer, and are thus compelled to go on selling drink, but they have plenty of opportunities of propagating their new principles. Their little children cry because they are too small to sign the pledge; but cheer up, little ones, the Band of Hope will welcome you, and the good landlord's wife offers to take and fetch them each week to and from the meetings, which means two hours' walk for her. Everywhere the Band of Hope prepares for the *Croix Bleue*, and the children often show the way to the parents.

What a miracle it is when one of these poor wrecked ones gets lifted into safety and hope! There is B—, who a few weeks ago was down in the gutter. See his miserable home—a stove, a small table, three chairs without seat or back, one bed minus a mattress. Seven in family—the father, the mother, ill of neglect and starvation, and five small children, thin and pale, clad in rags. Was it illness or want of work that occasioned this? Not at all: the father earned good wages in a foundry where he had worked for twenty years, but he only brought home some twelve francs a month, hardly enough to pay the rent, and when he came home the poor wife had to go down and drag him up the stairs, and the drunkard would fall a helpless mass on the bed when he entered.

He was induced to sign the pledge. *The foreman disapproved of this and turned him off!* But he held fast notwithstanding the lack of work that week.

God grant that this favorable breeze may increase in strength, and that it may blow away the awful curse of alcoholism that is ruining our land.—*Paris Quarterly*.

THE CRAMPON BIBLE

H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE

A hopeful event is the publication of the Crampon Bible, a good translation from the Hebrew and Greek texts, authorized by the Church of Rome. It is a curious fact that the priests have contributed to its publication, and it shows that they are becoming aware of the danger of depriving the people of the Holy Scriptures. The "Society of St. John the Evangelist" has just published neat little gospels that are sold for ten centimes (two cents). The notice declares that they have done so to counteract the Protestant propaganda. Would that they would fire at us with only this sort of ammunition! The more the better!

An English lady has distributed more than 130,000 copies of the Italian Gospels published by the Society of St. Jerome.

I believe that we ought to respect the conscientious scruples of Roman Catholics who do not like to read the Scriptures in a Protestant version. We may well bless the Lord that we have now a tolerably cheap French version, authorized by the Church, which, notwithstanding a few mistranslations, does contain the Gospel. The great mass of the people will continue to prefer the Protestant version because it is cheaper (ten and even four cents a copy instead of seventy-five cents), but it will be very useful for our colporteurs to sell also the Crampon New Testament. It will show that we are not sectarian, and are not afraid of a Catholic translation.

I have received 350 francs (about seventy dollars) from an English clergyman. It will be used to sell the Crampon New Testament at one franc to the priests of parishes visited by our Mission Boats. Is it not right that they also shall have a souvenir of its passage? There are many among the priests who are not as "black" as they look.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Through the kindness of the writer of the above, a copy of the Crampon edition of the Gospel of St. Matthew has been received. It is a well-made little volume, the usual size of separate Gospels, though thicker, as every page contains explanatory or expository foot notes. There is a frontispiece reproducing one of the classic pictures of St. Matthew, and the little volume is one of which we can make good use among persons who have conscientious scruples as to reading a Protestant translation.

THREE EVENTS AT DESVRES

PASTOR ARNOLD MALAN

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

We had these for young girls, for women and for children. The last was a distinguished success! Never before have we had such large attendances as at these Christmas festivals, especially the last. They were packed into the hall to such a point that it was impossible to move. There were about two hundred children and one hundred grown persons. The spirit and conduct of the audience were excellent—it was a fine opportunity to proclaim the Gospel message.

A FUNERAL

In general there is nothing particularly striking on such an occasion. This one was different. In the first place, because in view of the fact that there is only the Mission to represent Protestantism in Desvres and all the region around, all Protestant religious services of whatever nature are necessarily held in one hall.

In the second place, because, Desvres being entirely Catholic—by education if not by profound conviction—every new thing that takes place among us excites curiosity to the highest degree. Now the funeral of a person of importance had never been seen in Desvres; and divers incidents characterized this one.

To begin with, we were not equipped for a service of this kind. The municipality owns a bier, but by I know not what arrangement, the Catholic Church has the care of it. Not being aware of this fact, the friends of the deceased proffered at the municipal building, a request for the use of the communal bier. The mayor applied to the dean of the clergy, who answered, “You shall walk over my dead body before I allow Protestants to use the bier!” The mayor came to me, and explained that wishing to avoid all conflict he had ordered another bier which was to be put at our disposition.

This was done; not long after, the town was decorated with great placards, reproaching the mayor for having provided a bier for Protestants at the expense of the taxpayers. To which the mayor replied by placards stating that he had provided the bier at his own expense. The funeral took place

and gave me the opportunity to proclaim the Gospel to about two hundred persons, three-quarters of whom, at least, would never have set foot in our hall on any other occasion.

The ceremony was entirely new and strange to these people. I caught this remark on the wing: "At least one understands something at a Protestant service; in the Church one comprehends nothing at all." Between the hall and the cemetery we were objects of general curiosity. A priest, behind a glass door, made merry at our expense; an old woman expressed her feeling towards Protestantism by observing, "See them carrying a dog to be buried!" One thing, however, gave me joy, that I had been able to bring the message of salvation to many who are beyond our influence.

EXTENSION TO LUMBRES

The third subject of rejoicing is the discovery of a superb hall and the temporary organization of weekly meetings in the little town of Lumbres. Here I may speak only of hopes. There are no facts to cite, except the undertaking to evangelize the town of Lumbres. The work is entirely new. Our audiences vary from thirty-seven to eighty-six persons, according to the time between announcement and meeting, and also, no doubt, the good will of the people. Lumbres is remote from all evangelical influences except our own. Never before had the Gospel been preached there. It is virgin soil; everything remains to be done, to be hoped, to be feared. For the moment I am aware of a certain hostile influence, emanating, no doubt, from the priest, and expressing itself in these words, the echo of which has come to my ears: "The Protestants have come to Lumbres to destroy religion." However, the people come willingly, sing with animation, are respectfully silent during the prayer, and pretty quiet through the sermon. But all this is new in Lumbres—addresses, hymns, especially prayers. On the whole I am encouraged.

The expenses of a weekly meeting here, including rent, heat, doorkeeper, printing and traveling, would be five hundred francs a year (\$100).

I do not desire to increase the expenses of the Mission. I think I can find among the people here something like a hundred francs, but certainly not more. Our people are all

workingmen, gaining a living by hard labor, and with difficulty making both ends meet. We shall need four hundred francs from outside sources. The work we would ourselves do without adding to the salary list.

THE GOSPEL BOAT

[From *Le Christianisme au XX^me Siècle*]

Under this title some weeks ago the *Figaro* published an article by its collaborator, Mr. Fernand Gregh, a true prose poem written after a visit which the author made one evening to our Boat *Le Bon Messager*. We give here the picturesque description of our floating hall and the meetings held in it.

It was an evening in September "when summer seemed to concentrate all its powers of enchantment before fading away for all time into the mists." The writer could not remain in doors on such a night and went "from path to path as far as the Seine." He describes the river asleep, the heavy ferry boats, the pleasure yachts, etc. One of these boats moored near the bridge was lighted, its four windows larger than those of ordinary barges, illuminating the pale river from their glowing rectangles.

Someone is still working, no doubt, but at what? No sound is heard save one voice uplifted, speaking without interruption with the inflections of an orator or actor.

Who can be speaking so late and so long on this canal boat? One cannot distinguish the words. Bah! no doubt some mariner is reading the paper aloud; and we cross the bridge, where the oily water silently laves the piles. Beyond it the church lifts its little spire to heaven. A chorus now rings out, to the accompaniment of a somewhat wheezy instrument. It is serious, this chorus—almost solemn; it has the moving sound of any song by night, but sweeter, more tender, and, so to speak, softened by coming across the water. Rising upward towards the moon it is like a dream of high voices suddenly moving one to tears. This sound comes from the boat whose four windows are casting golden gleams across the silver river.

What can this singular boat be where they are singing hymns at nine o'clock at night? A school? The lesson is certainly very late. A rustic chorus society? The song is too noble for a village choir. Who knows? It may be some socialistic meeting improvised on this sequestered boat.

We inquire of a woman who is taking the fresh air at her doorstep. "That boat down there? Those are the Protestants." "The

Protestants!" "Yes, Monsieur; they come here every year about this time. Every evening the pastor preaches a sermon and then they sing hymns; but go and see it; any one can enter." Protestants! How history repeats itself! This Calvinistic choir on this boat at night suddenly calls up the wars of religion, the refugees, or the reformers celebrating their cult in secret; and now, after two centuries and a half, their descendants are trying to evangelize France! How history repeats itself!

Taking the good woman's advice, we went to see. As we cross the bridge the chorus is heard, now loud, now soft; it mounts and dies away on one long note. The meeting is no doubt over; we have come too late!

As we hurry across the bridge we are met by groups of men, women and children racing ahead. We stop some of them and ask, "You are coming from the boat, children?" "Yes, Monsieur," replies the largest of them, almost a young man; "it is finished." "Will there be another meeting to-morrow?" "Oh! yes, Monsieur; they will stay here a number of weeks," and we feel in this phrase an indefinable something, which reveals him as more attentive than the others to the pastor's words. They frolic and laugh; he speaks seriously as one touched; he goes home to dream of all he has heard, to pray perhaps.

The light on the boat is not yet extinguished; a solitary voice is singing. Let us at least try to go on board. From the bridge we go down to the shore by a steep stair, cross the high grass, and reach the little gang-plank. It is dark, there are nettles in the grass, the path of faith is difficult; at last we are in the boat! A big oil lamp lights the scene, everything is clean as on a yacht, through a door we perceive benches as in a church, a harmonium on a platform, and painted on the wall this phrase from the Scriptures, "We teach Christ risen."

A man with clean-cut features, the severe and frank face of the Southern Huguenot, was carefully making figure eights on the floor with a watering can. "May we enter?" "Certainly, Monsieur and Madame; everyone is welcome. Only you have arrived too late; you should have come a little sooner to hear the hymns." "We heard them from afar; it was very beautiful." "There were a great many people this evening; our work interests many in this region." "What work?" "The Popular Mission. It has two boats; this one is *Le Bon Messager* and the other *La Bonne Nouvelle*. During the summer season they go up the Seine or the canals to the interior of the country." "Does your work give any results?" "Oh, Monsieur, it's not a question of results; we sow the seed and when we return some of the people come to see us again." "You need to finish your work. We will come again some other evening." "Wait a moment, Monsieur; take a hymn book; here are the hymns we sang this evening." We left the boat and climbed the perpendicular stairs to the bridge, while behind us the voice took up again the interrupted refrain.

It is evident that the article is sympathetic. We have only to correct a single slight mistake, the "scripture phrase" (we say Bible text), that may be read on the wall, "We preach Christ crucified." This same verse, which serves as the motto for the paper *Le Bon Messager*, is also the motto for the boat. But our fellow citizens, even those who are educated, know so little of the Holy Scriptures that Monsieur F. Gregh is excusable for quoting inexactly when he quotes from memory. It is, however, the conclusion of the article upon which we wish to comment.

"This lighted boat on a sleeping river, in a beautiful landscape of meadows and forest, under a wonderful full moon; this choir of mixed voices coming from this ark that floats among the water lilies, mingles in our souls thoughts of the ardent Jesus, the austere Calvin, the sweetness of the Ile de France. All this is beauty, and like all beauty it contains a hidden truth. It is not that which you believe and preach, but includes it. It is the truth of every call of the mysterious. The forms are different, the emotion is the same. The tenderness of the Mission choir on the water is, in fact, the same somewhat sad tenderness which this evening makes the birds sob in the trees of their gardens, enchanted with their own voices, makes the farm-yard dogs to bay at the moon. The entire world sings to the night on evenings like this. It is not even an old song, it is the eternal song; words make no difference, though they are numberless, and just because they are numberless. The tune alone matters, and not the tune alone, but the fact that the singer seeks to call forth a half understood reply to his appeal for a better order of things. To sing is to interrogate the silence.

"Different as they seem, all these voices, no doubt, meet in the same unknown cadence; they are the voices of the night."

We cannot consent that the moving singing of the Mission choir on the water should be compared to the sobbing of birds or the baying of dogs at the moon. Certainly we are sensitive to poetry, and it is not this comparison which shocks us; it is rather the vague and empty religion which one feels beneath this finely written prose. In our Mission boats, in our halls, let us say in our hearts, we do not sing to the night, nor in the night. Our piety, our Christianity, is not this vague and dreamy mysticism, which is dulled and intoxicated by its emotions and its dreams. What we believe, what we sing, what we preach, are experiences of a spiritual order—mysterious no doubt; that is to say, escaping analysis and formula, but none the less positive and joyful. Let us pass from the

shadow to the light, from night to day; the Christian is called to march in the light; to live there henceforth, and his adoration, his prayer, his song, are addressed to Him who is called the "light of the world" and who said to His disciples, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

WITH "LE BON MESSAGER" AT ST. MAMMÈS

BY H. TRICOT

"Your meetings have done good to everybody, but especially to the young people," said one to me; "but what a pity it is that you cannot stay on much longer, if not always." Yes, we ought to be able to settle here at St. Mammès, and at many other places, for it is to be feared that if some jugglers or passing actors come along these young people who have been listening with such eagerness to our preaching and who show so much intelligence and interest will soon have the good impressions, made by our visit, obliterated.

Our first meeting was not very encouraging, as the audience was not specially well behaved, composed as it was for the most part of children, noisy and turbulent, and of young people, mocking and careless. I was alone with my wife to keep order, but the Lord helped us, and I found it sufficient to give one or two stern warnings to the noisiest to have quiet and attention, and thus to prevent the opening meeting from producing a bad impression on the populace of the town.

The next evening the numbers were larger, and we had again some troublesome young people who tried to disturb, but I soon made them understand that they were not in a theatre and they took the hint and gave no more trouble, and from that evening the people came in great numbers, a large proportion being youths and girls, and their attention and quietness were remarked by all.

We had a variety of speakers, and all seemed equally to gain the attention of the people, and themselves to enjoy the meetings. Three evenings were given to showing the lantern, and although the pictures were not of the best, they were greatly appreciated, and I was struck with the immense value these lantern meetings can be in bringing before these rustic audiences scenes of life in their varied aspects.

Perhaps the children's meetings were the most encouraging of all. We had an average of over fifty on Sundays and Thursdays, and it was delightful to hear them recite the verses and sing the hymns and answer the questions put to them. One Thursday, Mr. Greig made an unexpected appearance, and it was a pleasure to him to find them so well disposed. "It would be indeed good if we had in Paris children who behaved as well and who could answer as correctly as you do," he told them. And yet the school teachers told me that they found these very children most difficult to teach, they were so ill-behaved, and that it was a work of the greatest trouble to get them to attend and to prevent their continual chattering in class. And once out of school, they were regular little pickles, breaking and destroying all they could. So I can understand why the friend wished the Boat to stay on.

I found the head-master of the school was a strong advocate for the fight against alcohol. He works hard for that purpose, but does not get much encouragement, he told me. The rural policeman is not on his side and does not give him much help! But at a meeting we had on Gospel temperance lines, ten young men came forward to sign the petition against the sale of absinthe, and I hope our friend Pacherie, the colporteur, will be able to get the petition signed by more. One woman who keeps a drink-shop, with her two daughters, said to my wife, "If we were the only ones consulted about the manufacture and sale of absinthe, it could soon be done away with. We would a thousand times rather sell anything but that vile stuff."

I was sorry not to be able to make many visits, as I should greatly have liked to have become acquainted with the good people of St. Mammès, but from what conversations I had, I was able to judge of the good our Mission had effected during our stay. I heard that the *curé* of the parish had been formerly a pastor and a married man. He was well spoken of in the place, but I was not able to see him.

I concluded by emphasizing the great need we have of funds to enable us to place evangelists in these interesting localities where the Boats have so well opened the way for permanent work.

SOME OF OUR LEADERS

The London *Christian* contains a good article about the McAll Mission by the Rev. J. G. Alexander, who has lived long in France and has known the Mission from its beginning. Much of the article covers matter familiar to our readers. The following paragraphs will doubtless be found interesting. Having spoken of Mr. Greig's retirement from the directorate, Mr. Alexander continues :

For the present, and until a duly qualified director is found, the management of the work will be in the hands of the president, vice-president and treasurer of the Paris Committee. The first of these, M. Henri Bach, is a pastor of the French Lutheran Church, and is married to a daughter of the late Professor Gladstone, F. R. S. Whilst yet a student at the preparatory theological college at Batignolles, Paris, he was the instrument of a revival which took place in that institution during the week of prayer for young men which arose out of Mr. Moody's work in Scotland, in the autumn of 1874, and which led to the establishment of the week of prayer observed ever since by Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the world early in November every year. Pastor Bach was for many years an active leader in Y. M. C. A. work in France, and succeeded M. Louis Sautter as President of the McAll Committee two years ago.

M. Beigbeder, the vice-president, was one of the young men converted at Pau during the winter of 1872-3, through the instrumentality of the late F. H. Krüger, then a theological student, afterwards professor at the Paris Mission House, who, though confined to his room through a serious lung trouble, gathered around him a few Protestant youths for a weekly Bible class. They were all brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, and are all, I believe, still living useful lives. M. Beigbeder, after a successful career as an engineer, came to Paris a few years ago as business manager of the Evangelical Missionary Society, and has for about a year past been vice-president of the McAll Mission, thus happily combining home and foreign missionary work.

France is passing through a great religious crisis. The Roman Catholic Church has lost much of her wealth and prestige through the separation of Church and State. At the present moment it would seem as if the more pressing danger arose from the avowed opposition to all religion which has been engendered by the association of the name of religion with a political, retrograde, and purely external form of Christianity. Meanwhile the ravages caused by drink and vice, for the most part unrestrained by Christian, educational, or other influences, have grown to a fearful height; crimes of violence, especially juvenile crimes, have never been so frequent, and are alarming all thoughtful men. Every effort for the evangelization of this great country, whose thought has always had so powerful an influence over the rest of Europe, needs the earnest support of all who long for the extension of Christ's Kingdom in the earth.

J. G. ALEXANDER.

Paimpol, Cotes du Nord.

GOSPEL VANS

Pastor Anderson writes to *L'Eglise Libre* concerning those:

There are now two, one on the west side of Paris, the other on the southeast. The latter has just been stationed at the roadside at the left as you leave Paris by the Choisy Gate. Being at the entrance of a camp of Italian and other Bohemians, it draws to the meetings a considerable number of young fellows. These invaded it within half an hour after its arrival in "their court." They sing our *cantiques populaires*, always too loudly, learning the words by heart, line by line; after two or three meetings they reply intelligently to the questions put them upon the large colored pictures of the life of our Savior. Many of them are respectfully solemn at the closing prayer. Small Bible pictures are their reward for having been "good." The grown persons, and those who know how to read, sometimes receive a little Gospel, and the knowledge of our Divine Redeemer is thus spreading in an environment where material, moral and spiritual poverty reign absolutely supreme.

LEAVES FROM A COLPORTEUR'S DIARY

THE MOCKER BECAME THOUGHTFUL

"If I showed this book to my master, how he would tease me," said a farm servant to whom I had sold a Bible, he having previously bought the Testament. "You must show it to him, however." Later I saw him again, and he had shown the Bible to his master. "And," said he, "the mocker became thoughtful by reading the Book. I am so glad to see you again and to be able to buy another Bible."

A UNIQUE SALE

In one family I sold no less than thirty-three Gospels. After leaving the house, a young man ran after me across the fields, saying, "It is so beautiful, I want to buy a larger book," and a few minutes later a young girl overtook me, running also across the fields, and she wanted a copy of the Psalms in large type.

FOUND AT LAST

A woman who earned her living by buying the rubbish from houses, used always to ask if there were any old books to be sold, as she hoped to find one day among the old books offered her a copy of the Bible. But she never found one. Then she asked the priest to get her one, but he made objections. "A book so hard to understand; and then there are the 'Lives of the Saints,' etc." However, she found at last a colporteur and bought the long-desired Bible which she studied diligently.

FOUR LITTLE GIRLS—FOUR BIG GIRLS

Four years ago I was leaving a village much cast down, having sold nothing, when I heard the voices of children behind me. "Monsieur, you are Protestant, are you not? We want to buy each one a book for a *sou*." So I sold them four Gospels. This year, passing by the same place, I found them again, four big girls, and each one bought a Testament. I was not discouraged this time, and I reproached myself for ever being so.

A GARDENER'S OPINION

A gardener who had bought a Bible said, "This Book is a *chef d'œuvre*. It is written so simply that a child can under-

stand it. I keep it always on the corner of the chimney-piece, and often neighbors come in and read it with pleasure."

UNEXPECTED HELPERS

In a café was a man to whom I had sold a Bible some time previously, and he began to speak up for me and help my sales. I found that he had read very carefully the Book of Genesis.

In a tram, a soldier, out for his thirteen days' drill, recognized me and confessed before every one that a few months back I had sold him the most beautiful book in the world. I put several questions to him to see if he had really read the Bible, and found that the book that had most struck him was the book of Job.

A GOOD DRINKER, A BAD SON

I saw in a wine-shop a young man drinking absinthe. "Ah, Mass books!" he exclaimed. However, he bought a Testament. Half an hour after I entered the home of the young man and found him disputing violently with his mother. "I hope that you will read my book," I said. "Do you know you gave me great pain when I saw you drinking that poison. I don't wonder that you are wanting in respect to your mother. Did you but know Jesus Christ you would be a good son. It is written, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'" The poor mother began to weep and the young man said, quite impressed, "From to-day I will drink no more." The mother bought the four Gospels.

LONG WANTED

A young painter wanted for a long time to buy a Bible to find in it subjects for his paintings and was delighted to find one.

"You really have a Bible for sale?" said a woman. "I have sought for one for such a long time and did not know where to get it." She bought one for three francs, and I never saw any one so enchanted to have one.

A SYMPATHETIC PRIEST

A priest, after buying a Testament, thanked me cordially and obliged me to accept six sous therewith to procure a cup of coffee, and showed me the houses where I could be sure

of being well received, and those where I should not be. He promised me to exhort his flock to buy the Testament, and I heard after that he had really done so.

AT A WEDDING

"Go to that hotel," said a woman in mockery, "there is a wedding going on." I took her advice and sold no less than five books, one being bought by the bridegroom.

DON'T GO THERE!

"Don't go there, that man is an infidel." "That is just why I must go," said I, and I came out, having sold the infidel a Bible.

AT THE DEATH-BED

A person to whom I had two years before sold a copy of the Gospels and Acts, told me that his mother fell ill and was six months in her bed before passing away. "Often in the day my mother asked me to read to her out of the Book, and the reading always gave her courage, especially when I read about the sufferings of our Lord. When she was dying she asked me to read the 26th and 27th chapters of Matthew. I assure you that this precious little book has been an encouragement for us all, and that is why I am buying another copy, which, I need not say, will be carefully read." I sold her a New Testament.

MANY READERS FOR ONE GOSPEL

I found a woman in a village to whom I had sold a Gospel in a neighboring town. She said she had lent it to all in the village who could read, and that many had been completely changed by the power of the Book. One thing is certain, and that is that I sold many books in this village, and that I was offered hospitality—a very rare thing to happen.

"WITHOUT MY WIFE"

I met a man who had been on the point of burning the New Testament that he had bought. But his wife said, "Read it first." "So," said he, "I began to read it, and the more I read the more I wanted to read it. 'Well, have you thrown away your money?' asked my wife, but I would not answer her until I had quite finished it, and then I said, 'Come and see!' Since then my wife and the children have often read the

Testament, and without my wife I should never have known the truth."

NOT A DIVIDED HEART

An elderly woman who had bought a copy of the Gospels and Acts said, "Come in and welcome. If you only knew the good your book has done me. How happy I am to-day to know my Savior! Were it not for you and for your book I should never have known the joy and peace that now fill my heart. I used to pray to the Virgin and to the saints, but my heart was always sad. Then I learned that God will not have a divided heart—He will have all or nothing." She bought the Testament.

FORGOTTEN IN A DRAWER

I went into a house where some years ago they had bought a copy of the Gospel of Luke. It had lain forgotten in a drawer for years, when, a few months previously, the father, looking for some tool, found the book and began to read it that evening to his family. Since then they have read it every evening, and the man was delighted to become the possessor of the New Testament.

"I want to buy a Bible," said a traveler from Havre; "a Protestant one, which I may read side by side with my Catholic edition."

"Monsieur," said a lady, stopping before the "Gospel kiosk" in Marseilles, "I want to buy the true Gospel; the one which the priests forbid us to buy."

A passer-by, seeing a "Gospel kiosk" at the fair in Marseilles, stopped before the window with, "The religious question is the order of the day; I will buy that pamphlet." The pamphlet in question was by M. Cadot, and was entitled "Why We Are Separate From the Roman Church."

That the *Mission Populaire* is not a founder but a feeder of churches is a well known fact, but cannot be too often impressed upon those who have only lately become acquainted with the McAll Mission. Thus, from St. Etienne Dr. Hastings Burroughs reports that in the Free Church of that city there are only *two* members who are not the converts of this Mission!

HOME DEPARTMENT

New York

The Auxiliary is deeply afflicted by the death of our President, Mrs. Henry Eliot Babcock, who died in February of double pneumonia after an illness of only five days. Her noble intellect was clear to the last, even after the pulse became indistinguishable, and almost her last thought was of the Mission. Called to the presidency last April, on the resignation of Mrs. Parkhurst, Mrs. Babcock brought to her duties all the enthusiasm, vigor, initiative and consecration of her large intelligence, splendid health, profoundly religious nature. A social function which had been arranged for the week of her death was turned into a memorial meeting, and the chief preoccupation of the managers and officers is to carry on, in her spirit, the work which she had planned. Her place will not be filled until the Annual Meeting in April; meanwhile the work is being actively carried on by a Committee of Administration consisting of three members. The following memorial resolutions were adopted by the Auxiliary Board at the regular March meeting:

Whereas, it has seemed good to our Heavenly Father to remove from our head, in the prime of life and full promise of long usefulness, the President of this Auxiliary; and

Whereas, By reason of her enthusiastic service of the McAll Mission, and her marvellous power of initiative, her departure leaves the Auxiliary peculiarly bereft; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Henry Eliot Babcock, the New York Auxiliary is very intimately bereaved of one whose gifts of mind and heart, whose devotion to the extension of the kingdom of heaven, and whose service of the McAll Mission and this Auxiliary have been an inspiration to us ever since her coming among us;

Resolved, That her home going, while we had reason to hope that under her leadership we might work for years to come, is an impressive call to each of us to work while it is day, and to fulfil by our increased devotion the measure of service she would have rendered had she remained with us;

Resolved, That her beautiful life gave to all of us a new view of the value of life and of opportunity; so that we shall henceforth be more single-minded in service, more unselfish in activity, for having been permitted to work with her;

Resolved, That our best tribute to our so honored and so lamented is to take up in reverent cheerfulness the mantle that has fallen from

her shoulders, seek to ascertain what plans of usefulness her active brain had evolved, and carry them to completion in the same spirit of joyful service which animated her.

Resolved, That while we would not seek to lift the veil that shrouds the sacred mystery of sorrow into which her immediate family have entered, yet as a token of our fellowship with them in bereavement, a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Mrs. Babcock's husband, daughter and sons.

Philadelphia

The Field Secretary visited Philadelphia, from February 25th to March 4th, speaking once in Chester, and nine times in Philadelphia, in churches representing five different denominations. The direct results were the gain of four or five managers, contributions from two new churches, and the organization of a junior auxiliary, of young ladies. In this, Philadelphia is the first to follow the good example of Boston.

Portland

The officers and members of the McAll Auxiliary, of Portland, Maine, desire to express their appreciation of the services of Mrs. Annie Babcock to the Society. For a period of eleven years she served us as President, with unflagging zeal and fidelity. Her pleasing personality, hopeful temperament, and cheerful disposition lent a charm to the work which she faithfully performed, and made what seemed a difficult task an easy and a pleasant one.

With gratitude to God for all that she was able to accomplish, we extend to her bereaved husband and family our sincere sympathy; and also to the McAll Association and its officers for the loss they have sustained by the death of such an interested member.

MRS. W. H. FENN,

*Vice-president of American McAll Association
for State of Maine.*

(MRS.) LUCY A. NOYES,

President Portland Auxiliary.

(MRS.) HANNAH T. FENN.

Princeton

The Field Secretary announces the organization, under most auspicious circumstances, of a Princeton Auxiliary. The cordial coöperation of Dr. and Mrs. Beach and of several former members of the New York and Philadelphia Societies

was instrumental in bringing into being this new society. Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams was chosen President.

Brief Notes

The news from the home field continues to be encouraging.

The item of first interest is naturally the organization of the new society at Princeton.

From Buffalo comes word of still further advance in memberships. The faithful prosecution of one-to-one method bids fair this year to treble the receipts of five years ago.

At Rochester and Syracuse the societies have been completely reorganized and look to the future with much hope.

An exceptionally large audience greeted the Field Secretary in Wilkes-Barre, to hear his stereopticon lecture.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

JANUARY 16—MARCH 15, 1908

MASSACHUSETTS, \$1,359.65		Harrisburg, Dr. Ellenberg	\$10 00
Boston Auxiliary	\$1,234 40	Philadelphia Auxiliary	658 45
Easthampton "	39 00	Williamsport "	10 50
Pittsfield "	76 25	Wilkes-Barre, 1st Presbyterian	
Uxbridge, Deborah P. Atherton .	10 00	Church	53 00
CONNECTICUT, \$358.49		DELAWARE, \$32.45	
Meriden Auxiliary	304 00	Wilmington Auxiliary	32 45
Norwich "	54 49	MARYLAND, \$393.75	
NEW YORK, \$3,568.11		Baltimore Auxiliary	393 75
Ithaca, 1st Presbyterian Church		DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$210.00	
Sunday School	5 48	Washington Auxiliary	210 00
New York Auxiliary	2,885 13	OHIO, \$517.50	
Rochester "	31 00	Cleveland Auxiliary	262 50
Troy "	462 00	Cincinnati "	5 00
Utica "	184 50	Dayton "	250 00
NEW JERSEY, \$1,896 25		ILLINOIS, \$70.00	
Morristown Auxiliary	136 25	Chicago Auxiliary	70 00
Newark "	210 00	MINNESOTA, \$132 00	
Plainfield "	1,550 00	St. Paul Auxiliary	132 00
PENNSYLVANIA, \$906.95			
Chester Auxiliary	110 00		
Easton "	65 00		

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following described property.

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

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